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One Dollar Per Year.

THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN NERVE TONIC

—AND—

Stomach and Liver Cure

The Most Astonishing Medical Discovery of the Last One Hundred Years.

It is Pleasant to the Taste as the Sweetest Nectar. It is Safe and Harmless as the Purest Milk.

This wonderful Nerve Tonic has only recently been introduced into this country by the Great South American Medicine Company, and yet its great value as a curative agent has long been known by the native inhabitants of South America, who rely almost wholly upon its great medicinal powers to cure every form of disease by which they are overtaken.

This new and valuable South American medicine possesses powers and qualities hitherto unknown to the medical profession. This medicine has completely solved the problem of the cure of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, and diseases of the general Nervous System. It also cures all forms of failing health from whatever cause. It performs this by the Great Nerve Tonic qualities which it possesses and by its great curative powers upon the digestive organs, the stomach, the liver and the bowels. No remedy compares with this wonderfully valuable Nerve Tonic as a builder and strengthener of the life forces of the human body and as a great renewer of a broken down constitution. It is also of more real permanent value in the treatment and cure of diseases of the Lungs than any ten consumption remedies ever used on this continent. It is a marvelous cure for nervousness of females of all ages. Ladies who are approaching the critical period known as change in life, should not fail to use this great Nerve Tonic almost constantly for the space of two or three years. It will carry them safely over the danger. This great strengthener and curative is of inestimable value to the aged and infirm, because its great energizing properties will give them a new hold on life. It will add ten or fifteen years to the lives of many of those who will use a half dozen bottles of the remedy each year.

CURES

Nervousness and Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache and Sick Headache, Female Weakness, All Diseases of Women, Nervous Chills, Paralysis, Nervous Paroxysms and Nervous Choking, Hot Flashes, Palpitation of the Heart, Mental Despondency, Sleeplessness, St. Vitus's Dance, Nervousness of Females, Nervousness of Old Age, Neuritis, Pains in the Heart, Pains in the Back, Failing Health. All these and many other complaints cured by this wonderful Nerve Tonic.

Broken Constitution, Debility of Old Age, Indigestion and Dyspepsia, Heartburn and Sour Stomach, Weight and Tenderness in Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Frightful Dreams, Dizziness and Ringing in the Ears, Weakness of Extremities and Fainting, Impure and Impoverished Blood, Boils and Carbuncles, Scrofula, Scrofulous Swelling and Ulcers, Consumption of the Lungs, Catarrh of the Lungs, Bronchitis and Chronic Cough, Liver Complaint, Chronic Diarrhea, Delicate and Scrofulous Children, Summer Complaint of Infants.

NERVOUS DISEASES.

As a cure for every class of Nervous Diseases, no remedy has been able to compare with the Nerve Tonic, which is very pleasant and harmless in all its effects upon the youngest child or the oldest and most delicate individual. Nine-tenths of all the ailments to which the human family is heir, are dependent on nervous exhaustion and impaired digestion. When there is an insufficient supply of nerve food in the blood, a general state of debility of the brain, spinal marrow and nerves is the result. Starved nerves, like starved muscles, become strong when the right kind of food is supplied, and a thousand weaknesses and ailments disappear as the nerves recover. As the nervous system must supply all the power by which the vital forces of the body are carried on, it is the first to suffer for want of perfect nutrition. Ordinary food does not contain a sufficient quantity of the kind of nutriment necessary to repair the wear our present mode of living and labor imposes upon the nerves. For this reason it becomes necessary that a nerve food be supplied. This recent production of the South American Continent has been found, by analysis, to contain the essential elements out of which nerve tissue is formed. This accounts for its magic power to cure all forms of nervous derangements.

CHAMFORDVILLE, Ind., Aug. 20, '90.

To the Great South American Medicine Co.:
DEAR GENTLEMEN:—I desire to say to you that I have suffered for many years with a very serious disease of the stomach and nerves. I tried every medicine I could find, but nothing did me any appreciable good until I was advised to try your Great South American Nerve Tonic and Stomach and Liver Cure, and since using several bottles of it I must say that I am surprised at its wonderful power to cure the stomach and general nervous system. If every one knew the value of this remedy I do, you would not be able to supply the demand.

J. A. HARDEE,
Ex-Treas. Montgomery Co., Ind.

A SWORN CURE FOR ST. VITUS'S DANCE OR CHOREA.

CHAMFORDVILLE, Ind., May 15, 1890.
My daughter, twelve years old, had been afflicted for several months with Chorea or St. Vitus's Dance. She was reduced to a skeleton, could not walk, could not talk, could not swallow anything but milk. I had to handle her like an infant. Doctor and neighbors gave her up. I commenced giving her the South American Nerve Tonic; the effects were very surprising. In three days she was rid of the nervousness, and rapidly improved. Four bottles cured her completely. I think the South American Nerve Tonic the grandest remedy ever discovered, and would recommend it to everyone.

Mrs. W. R. EVANS,
State of Indiana, Montgomery County.

INDIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA.

The Great South American Nerve Tonic
Which we now offer you, is the only absolutely unfailing remedy ever discovered for the cure of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and the vast train of symptoms and horrors which are the result of disease and debility of the human stomach. No person can afford to pass by this jewel of incalculable value which is affected by disease of the Stomach, because the experience and testimony of thousands go to prove that this is the ONE and ONLY ONE great cure in the world for this universal destroyer. There is no case of unaligned disease of the stomach which can resist the wonderful curative powers of the South American Nerve Tonic.

Mrs. Ella A. Bratton, of New Ross, Ind., says: "I can not express how much I owe to the Nerve Tonic. My system was completely shattered, appetite gone, was coughing and spitting up blood; an sore I was in the first stage of consumption. Inheritance handed down through several generations. I began taking the Nerve Tonic and continued its use for about six months, and am entirely cured. It is the grandest remedy for nerves, stomach and lungs I have ever seen."

Ed. J. Brown, Druggist, of Edina, Mo., writes: "My health had been very poor for years, was coughing severely. I weighed only 10 pounds when I commenced using South American Nerve Tonic. I have used two bottles and now weigh 30 pounds, and am much stronger and better than I have been for five years. Am sure I would not have lived through the winter had I not secured this remedy. My customers see what it has done for me and buy it eagerly. It gives great satisfaction."

EVERY BOTTLE WARRANTED.

Price, Large 18 ounce Bottles, \$1.25. Trial Size, 15 cents.

DOUGLAS BROS.,
Savannah, Tenn.,
SOLE WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AGENTS
Brenty, Tenn.

"UNDER THE HARTSTANE."

"Brother, you bear your sorrow
With patience that passeth praise,
The loss of worldly possessions
Just at your latter days.
How do you bear it?" the neighbor prayed.
"There's love 'neath the Hartstane!" the old man said.

"Oh, love is good, I grant you,
When seasoned enough with gold,
But love in a cottage?" the old man said—
"Is rhyning that will not hold!
Love only can never lift your load
Of sorrow and labor on life's late road."

"Ay, ay?" the old man answered.
His white head steadily raised;
When he b'lieved 'n' my lifetam
"You cry: 'The Lord be praised!'
Whether 'o' good or ill shall fa'
If love 'neath the Hartstane surviveth a'!"

"But you and your wife," urged the neighbor—
"Your children under the sod—"
"The under the sod," the old man cried,
"Good neighbor—gane to God!
An' what 'a' we do wi' pa'
When love still glories the said Hartstane?"

"Your faith is past my knowing!"
The neighbor murmured low.
A spirit of awe and wonder
On his face, as he rose to go.
"Ah, friend," the old man answer made,
"Love 'neath the Hartstane is naught
afraid!"

—Jean K. Ludlum, in N. Y. Ledger.

GETTING RICH.

Grafton's Speculation and the Lesson It Taught Him.

"I've been too long plodding. Now I mean to go to work and make money," said Albert Grafton.

"You have saved up two hundred dollars a year for the last five years, Albert," said his wife. "Is not that doing well?"

"Only a thousand dollars in five years! That's rather a poor prospect, Alice."

"I fancied it was doing well. Still, I shall be glad if you can do better. But what has made you discontented on a sudden?"

"I will tell you. You know Crampton in our office?"

"Yes."

"Well, three months ago he received a legacy of a thousand dollars from an aunt of his. What would you have done with it?"

"Put it in the savings bank?"

"Where it would have earned by this time fifteen dollars interest. He did better than that. He bought shares in a mining company, and to-day he sold out for two thousand dollars."

"Doubling his money?" said Alice, in surprise.

"Yes, and in three months. That's what I call doing a good stroke of business."

"Of course you can't gain without incurring some little risk. Now suppose he doubles his money again in the next three, or six months, he will have four thousand; a sum which it would take us twenty years to lay by."

"Slow and sure is a good rule, Albert."

"I really believe, Alice, you would prefer a snail to a horse. If I were going to live as long as Methuselah, I might be satisfied with my slow gains. As I don't expect that, I mean to take a shorter end to fortune."

"I am afraid, Albert, that it will prove a short cut to poverty."

"Don't you worry, Alice. Trust to me, and you will ride in your carriage yet."

Albert Grafton began at once to look out for some profitable mode of investment for the little sum which had been accumulating at the savings bank for five years. It amounted now, with interest, to about eleven hundred and fifty dollars; a sum which he had regarded with satisfaction until he had been dazzled by the lucky speculation of his fellow clerk. He dropped a hint to Crampton that if he should hear of a good investment he might be disposed to embark in it himself. He withdrew the money from the savings bank in order to have it ready to use at short notice.

The lucky chance was not long in arriving.

One day Albert came home in excellent spirits.

"Well, wife," he said, "what do you think I have done?"

Mrs. Grafton looked inquiringly.

"I have invested the money."

"How?" she asked, not without considerable anxiety.

"In the Winnegabo Mining Company—a capital thing."

"What do you know about the company, Albert?"

"Oh, it's a first-rate company. The mine produces tons upon tons of copper every year."

"How do you know?"

"The prospectus says so."

"Are you sure the statements are to be relied upon?"

"Of course. Don't be so suspicious, Alice. One would think the world was made up of sharpers."

"What did you pay for the shares?"

"Fifty-six dollars. I had money to buy just twenty and have thirty dollars over."

"Suppose we put that back into the savings bank?"

"What for?"

"We have had money in the bank so long, that I shall feel better if we have even that little left to our name."

"It's a strange fancy," said the husband, laughing, "however, I will hand the money to you, and you may do as you like with it."

He passed over a roll of three ten dollar bills, which his wife put in her purse and deposited in the savings bank the next day.

Alice did not look with much favor upon the Winnegabo Mining Company, even after seeing the circular which demonstrated that it could not fail to pay a dividend of fifty per cent. the first year, besides rising materially in market value, thereby making it a most desirable stock to invest in. Somehow Alice was skeptical, and though she could not detect the fallacy, felt that there was something wrong. Her husband became almost angry with her on account of her persistent disbelief, declaring that she was hopelessly prejudiced.

"I hope I am wrong," she said smiling faintly. "I trust events will show me to have feared groundlessly."

—America.

It seemed, indeed, as if this would be the case. The stock began to rise steadily. From fifty-six it rose to sixty-five in a fortnight.

"I have made one hundred and eighty dollars so far," said Albert exultingly.

"What do you think of that?"

"You had better sell out, and secure it," said his wife.

"Not I. I will hold on, and make more."

"It may go down again."

"I don't believe it."

And it did not go down. The fact was some strong parties, controlled the stock, who were skilfully manipulating it for a rise. So, until independently of its actual value, it rose steadily until it touched ninety.

At that point Albert was fortunate enough to sell out, receiving for his twenty shares eighteen hundred dollars.

He announced this to his wife with great satisfaction.

"A clear profit of six hundred and eighty dollars," he said. "As much as I could lay by in three years—and I've done it inside of two months. I'd better have kept it in the savings bank, hey?"

"Take my advice, and put it back there, Albert. Be content with what you have made, and don't risk the money again."

But Albert Grafton had had a taste of speculation, and the fatal fascination was upon him.

"I must make another venture, Alice," he said. "I don't deny there's some risk, but I want to make a little more."

"You can't expect to be lucky every time."

"It wasn't luck. I used my best judgment in the investment, and it turned out well."

He began, despite his wife's remonstrances, to seek out another chance for a speculation. He was shown the prospectus of a petroleum company, which was represented as wonderful for the unparalleled yield of the wells already opened upon it. Capital was needed to sink an additional number, and there was every reason to think that the efforts of a large operator, with a limited amount of stock was offered to the public at the extremely low price of ten dollars per share.

Albert decided to invest his entire capital in this promising speculation. He paid over eighteen hundred dollars, and received in return a certificate of one hundred and eighty shares, which he showed with great satisfaction to his wife.

"The shares, it is thought, will go up to twenty dollars in a month," he said.

But unfortunately they did not. They remained at par only a week, and then declined to nine. Somewhat uneasy, Albert went to the secretary of the company for an explanation. He was assured by that gentleman that the decline was owing to the efforts of a large operator who wished to buy in cheap, and profit by the subsequent advance.

If this was the case the operator was successful, since another week brought down the price to seven.

Mrs. Grafton urged her husband to sell out.

"What, and lose over five hundred dollars?" he exclaimed. "I am not such a fool."

"But you may have to lose more."

"No, the officers say it is all right. They are now digging wells. As soon as they prove successful the stock will take a bound upward."

Meanwhile the stock sank to five, and again Alice besought her husband to sell.

"You will get back nine hundred dollars," she said.

"And lose nine hundred? No, I will see it through."

Poor Alice looked on with dismay. Her heart sank within her every day when she took up the evening paper, and noticed a further decline in the stock in which her husband's all was invested. She saw that he was too headstrong to be influenced, and looked forward sadly to the entire loss of the money.

The decline continued, until the stock touched three. Albert began to feel serious.

"What do you think of your stock?" he asked Crampton.

"I am out of it," was the reply.

"Out of it? When?"

"I sold out at four—I have lost confidence in it."

In a panic Albert went to his broker and directed a temporary sale. The next day he sold out, realizing two dollars per share, instead of the original ten, making three hundred and sixty dollars. He hardly knew whether to be glad or sorry when he learned that the stock was no longer his. But his wife heartily rejoiced.

"At least," she said, "you have saved something from the wreck, and you have gained experience. Now let us put the money back into the savings bank."

Albert made no opposition. He felt too much mortified and discouraged at his losses to wish to engage in any further enterprise of a similar nature.

As for the petroleum stock, it went down and down till it ceased to have a market value. The last quotations were ten cents a share, and it would not command that now.

Albert Grafton's lesson was a severe one, but it will conduce to his permanent good. He is young yet, and with industry and frugality may earn a competence. For one speculator who makes a fortune there are ten who fail. Slow and sure is very apt to win the race.—Horatio Alger, Jr., in Yankee Blade.

The Real Victim.

Sharpshoot (in surprise)—You say you are a victim of the cigarette habit? I never saw you smoking.

Phlatz—I don't smoke, but I can't help smelling the infernal things, can I?—Chicago Tribune.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Since 1871 the Congregational churches in England have increased from 8,969 to 4,738.

—Mrs. J. B. Lippincott has given ten thousand dollars to endow the J. B. Lippincott Alceve of American and English literature in the library of the university of Pennsylvania.

—A paper has been signed by four hundred and seven German university professors declaring that the education now given in high-schools affords a poor foundation for scientific and medical studies.

—In India and Ceylon the results of missionary work are most satisfactory, the native Christians in the schools alone numbering 74,376, though the number of the missionaries is less than three hundred.

—The principal relic belonging to the church of Sainte Gudule, in Brussels, consists of a thorn which is said to have formed part of the Saviour's crown.

—Florent III., count of Holland, brought it to the Netherlands in the times of the Crusades.

—An English North Country church has published a series of contributions expected for the collection plate. The church will be content if it receives twenty for every five shillings income, or three per cent. A man in receipt of thirty pounds a week is expected to give a sovereign.

—In Spain eighty-four cloisters were erected between 1874 and 1890, at a cost of 42,000,000 pesetas (about \$8,000,000), for building and maintenance. The Spanish monks have in recent years established 493 places of business. As they use their religious position and piety in advertising their wares, they are the ruin of all their competitors. It is stated on good authority that 1,892 firms have been compelled to give up their business on account of the monks.

—President Warren of Boston university combats the prevalent impression that the age of students on entering college is gradually becoming more advanced. On the contrary, comparisons afforded by his own university show that the present average of age is lower than fifteen years ago, and President Capen makes a similar statement as regards Tufts college. At the university of Michigan in the decade 1870-1880 the average age on entrance was from nineteen to nineteen and a half years. Last year it was eighteen years.

—A striking table of the college population of the country is presented by the Congregationalist, the list including fifty of the leading institutions of the country, and embracing 30,138 students. It is noticeable, says the Congregationalist, that the drift toward great educational centers is as marked as the tendency of population toward the cities. Eight institutions have each an enrollment of over one thousand students, and seven report between five hundred and a thousand. Nor is it the old colleges in the east alone which draw their pupils by the hundreds, but Harvard's 2,271 students and Yale's 1,645 are paralleled by Ann Arbor's 2,158 and Oberlin's 1,709.

—The claim advanced by some college professors that the study of music while developing the emotional faculties of the student does so at the expense of the mind is warmly contested by Carl Wittig in the Philadelphia Times. My only advice to these gentlemen, he says, is to take up the study of musical composition in its various branches, such as harmony, counterpoint, fugue and instrumentation, and pursue them to their finish, and I will teach, if in the eager pursuit of these studies their hair does not turn gray at least ten years before its natural time, it surely will not be for want of sufficient brain work, but may rather be regarded as proof of the soundness of their bodily constitution.

FOR WHOM WOMEN DRESS.

Not for the Opposite Sex, But for Their Own.

The idea that ladies who lavish enormous sums annually in personal decorations dress to fascinate their husbands, lovers, or man in the aggregate, is a vulgar error. A fashionable woman is not half as anxious to win the admiration of the men as to provoke the envy of her own sex. The truth is that gentlemen, as a rule, know very little about the commercial value of female attire, and (except when they are called upon to pay the bills) care less.

An elegant and becoming toilet, however inexpensive, generally satisfies them.

Not so our first family belles and dashing dowagers. Cost is their standard of excellence in costume. And what consummate sumptuary critics they are! No tradesman is a better judge of the articles in which he deals than the lady of fashion is of all the articles her sisters wear. With a single sidelong glance, rapid, keen and searching, she can "reckon up" the habiliments of a rival almost to a shilling.

No pawnbroker, however accustomed to gauge the price of costly trumpery, could come nearer the mark. Imitation cashmere, simulated lace and false jewelry do not deceive her for an instant. She sees through the cheat as easily as a banker detects a forged note, and sneers inwardly at the vain attempt to cope with her genuine extravagance.

She triumphs in the reflection that her splendorous attire is sterling, and that her "set," sharp-eyed as herself, can distinguish between cheap fin-de-siècle and the ruinous grandeur it is intended to cope with as well as she can.

But mole-eyed man sees not the difference unless it is pointed out to him. It is not perfectly obvious then that the richly-bedight goddesses of fashion dress to provoke envy in each other rather than to command manly worship? Of course they like to be admired by men, but to be envied by women is a supreme luxury.—Jury.

Why She Turned Around.

"Don't you know, Milly, that it is ill-mannered to turn around to look at a gentleman?"

"Mother, I only turned around to see if he turned around to see if I looked at him!"—Light.

TALE OF A JOKE MAKER.

In Which the Public's Love for Moid Chestnuts is Illustrated.

A professional humorist said the other day: "There is a great truth about jokes, which both readers and writers recognize in practice but do not often formulate. It is this:

"A good joke improves no less with age than the wine of Bordeaux. Once upon a time there was a famous speaker whose tolerably bad lecture started off and ended with two of the most exquisite jokes ever invented. People traveled miles and sat patiently through the same lecture year after year to split their sides laughing at the same old jokes. After the effect of the introductory joke had worn off there was always perfect silence until the lecture was three-quarters done, when the anticipations of an audience which had never been awaked would begin to break out in gurgling laughter, nods, winks and whispers of 'It's coming!'"

And when at last this well-seasoned old chunk of wit brought the performance to a close the very roof was raised.

"But one fatal night there was a bad case of dyspeptic pessimism in a front seat. It is true that when he roared 'cheer up!' at the first joke the audience nearly mobbed him, but the lecturer's tender spot was touched. He prepared a new lecture which began and ended with two absolutely fresh jokes. When the lecturer walked upon the platform with his new manuscript in his hand he received an ovation.

"The first new joke seemed to stupefy the people. But a few sentences of the new lecture woke them up, and they rose as one man and demanded that money at the box office. At the next town the lecturer affixed the old jokes to the new lecture, and all went so well that he is still cracking them with constantly increasing success."—Chicago Herald.

THE BARBER'S CLOCK.

A Barber Dispenses With His Timepiece to Help His Business.

A New York jeweler says he knows a barber down town whose long acquaintance with Americans has taught him not to keep a clock. There's method in his madness, too. These are his own words:

"You are about the hundredth man that has asked me about the clock. Well, I'll tell you a trade secret. You know my customers are all business men, and stop in two or three times a week to be shaved. Whether in a hurry or not, they want to get through with all possible speed. That's one of the peculiarities of Americans. An American may have all the time he wants, but he'll rush his lunch and his barber."

"So long as I had a clock in the shop men would rush in here, take a glance at it, jump into the chair and tell me to rush them through in ten minutes, as they desired to catch a train or keep an appointment. If I didn't get through in that time there would be a row, and I'd run the risk of losing a good customer."

After a time I took my reliable old timepiece from its accustomed corner and placed it beyond reach.

"How does it work? Splendidly. The first few days I could hardly restrain myself from laughing. You know the first thing an American looks for when he enters into a barber's shop is the clock. You should have seen the disappointed faces the next few days. Everybody rushed in with his accustomed haste, glanced in the corner for the clock, and, my! Well, you can imagine the rest. Now, I can give everyone a first-class shave, and no one knows just how long I take to do it, because there's no clock here to make the occasion for a scolding."—Jeweler's Weekly.

HE PAID FIRST.

The Waiter Was Prepared to Enforce His Demand.

The proprietor of a French cafe in Paris, on the Rue de Pontoise, was very much annoyed by poor customers who took advantage of the temporary absence of the waiters to step out without paying their bills.

Finally he put up all around the cafe, inside, large notices—"Pay Before You Eat." The principal dish was a very thin but palatable soup served in large, deep bowls.

One day a man came in, and sitting down before a large bowl of soup which had just been poured out, he began to help himself.

A waiter came up and said, "Pay before you eat."

"I guess not. I always eat first."

"Not here. Our rule is, as you see, pay first."

"I don't pay first," said the man, and he continued to help himself to the soup, when, to his intense astonishment, the waiter pulled out of his pocket an immense wooden syringe, and dipping the nozzle of it into the soup-bowl drew the soup all into the bowl into the syringe.

"Will you pay now?" said the waiter, holding the syringe suspended over the edge of the empty bowl.

The man concluded he would obey the rules, as the waiter had him at his mercy, and back the soup went.

The proprietor of that cafe must have had a little Yankee blood in his veins. He would make his fortune in America.—Youth's Companion.

She Pinned Them Down.

It was a Bible, a family Bible, a well-worn family Bible—the Bible of an old lady who read it, and walked by it, and fed on it, and prayed over it for a long life-time. As she grew older and older, her sight began to fail, and she found it hard to find her favorite verses. But she could not live without them, so what did she do? She stuck a pin in them, one by one, and after her death they counted one hundred and sixty-eight. When people went to see her she would open her Bible, and, feeling over the page after her pin, would say: "Read there," or "read here," and she knew pretty well what verse was struck by that pin. She could indeed say of her precious Bible: "I love thy commandments above gold, yea, above fine gold; they are sweeter to me than honey and the honeycomb."—Detroit Free Press.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—A street preacher, John Gutzeit, in Dresden, persists in walking about in a long, white, woolen robe, sandals and a wreath of green leaves on his head. The police endeavored to interfere, but Gutzeit pointed out the costumes of oarsmen, polo players and bicyclists and asked if his own was not as decent and proper. And he won his case.

—The London correspondent of Post-Lore says that when Robert Browning was asked to take the presidency of the English Shelley society, at the time of its formation, he thought that if he acquiesced he would be indulging all Shelley's action; therefore he at once refused the request, on the ground that he "could not uphold Shelley with regard to his treatment of his first wife."

—Royalty is magnificent but expensive, if the following figures are to be relied on. It is said that since Queen Victoria's accession to the throne, the royal family has cost the nation \$178,113,113. The prince of Wales has, while the empress of Germany has made away with \$1,425,555, the duke of Connaught \$1,830,000, and the Princess Louise \$600,000.

—Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt usually takes a morning ride with his boys, all of whom are fond and fearless horsemen. Alfred, a lad about ten years of age, is the crack whip of the family, and rides and drives much and well, especially at Newport. All of the children are fond of music. One plays the banjo, another the violin, and Gertrude, a miss still in her teens, is a favorite pianist.

—It was the ever sweet and kind duchess of Portland who persuaded her husband to build a hospital on his estate by the sale of jewels with which he presented her on the arrival of their little daughter, Dorothy, a year ago. Now, in celebration of the baby's first birthday, she has given a feast in her magnificent rooms to the children on the estate, with a very substantial memento of the day to take home with them.

—Mr. Renan is accustomed to spend six months or more in meditation on a literary work after he has collected his material. Then he goes into the country, and spends three months or more in writing out the composition which already exists in his brain. He corrects and revises with great care, and before his volume is published, often has as many as ten proofs of each page. In striking contrast to this method is mentioned that of Miss Mary E. Williams, the popular writer of New England stories, who writes without copying her work.

—The most serious attack made on the authenticity of the Talleyrand Memoirs is that of M. Anlard, professor of history at the Sorbonne. He argues that, from internal evidence, parts of the papers have been suppressed, and that the gaps have been clumsily concealed. He suggests that the work was done by Baccot to screen the reputation of Talleyrand or royal personages, as the published version of the Memoirs does not account for the prohibition of their publication for so many years.

The due de Broglie is said to have replied evasively to Prof. Anlard's challenge to produce the original manuscript.

HUMOROUS.

—Tramp—"Will this dog bite a poor old tramp?" Hired Girl—"Just as quick as a fat young one. Git!"—Epoch.

—From a Contemporary—"With the exception of a twenty-penny piece the unhappy man gave no sign of life."—Fliegende Blaetter.

—Nancy (to her cousin from the city)—"Can you climb trees?" Maude (first visit to the country, in pained surprise)—"Haven't you an elevator?"

—She—"I'll never marry a man whose fortune hasn't at least five eighths in it." He (extinguishing)—"Oh, darling, mine's all eighths."—Washington Post.

—Tatey—"Oh, for an opportunity to do something heroic! Something helpful to my fellow-beings!" Mrs. Tatey—"All right, John. Here, hold the baby while I wash the potatoes."

—"I'm going to turn out the gas," said the old man, coming into the room where sat his daughter and her young man. "Thanks," said the unabashed young man. "I was just going to do it myself."—Boston Herald.

—Tom—"My dear, Mary forgot something this morning when she set the table." Sally—"What was it, love?" Tom—"The nut-crackers, for these potatoes of yours." (And she has been a month at the cooking club).—Talisman.

—"If you don't post that letter I gave you?" Husband—"Certainly." Wife—"I wish you hadn't. There is something I want to add to it." Husband (producing letter)—"Why didn't you say so before? Here it is."—Brooklyn Life.

—Barred Out.—Cleveland—"How is it you don't go out in society any more?" Dasher—"I went to a German not long ago, and I wrote for a society paper a description of the dressy worn. Since then (sorrowfully) I haven't been invited anywhere."—Cleveland Review.

—A Last Wish.—He (trembling)—"I have one last wish—wish to ask you before we part in an anger for ever!" She (sobbing)—"What is it, love?" Geo.—George? He—"Will you meet me next Th—Thursday as u—usual?" She—"I will—will George?"—Yankee Blade.

—In Switzerland.—Sexton (showing a pile of skulls)—"Here you see the collected heads of those who have died in our village: two thousand in all." And do you think us stupid enough to believe that? "Why, the place hasn't more than five hundred inhabitants all told."—Fliegende Blaetter.

—George—"Gracie, I love you devotedly. Will you be my own little wife?" Gracie (demurely)—"O George! This is so sudden. I shall be pleased to be a sister."—George—"Stay, spare me that chestnut excuse." Gracie (continuing)—"In-law to your two little brothers." Then he strained her to his ready-made vest so forcibly that he broke the watchglass.—Smith, Gray & Co's Monthly.